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A HARD BABY TO BRING UP.

THE CHILD OF THE LABOR QUESTION WORRIES ITS NURSES.



THE BRIDGE CRUSH AT SIX.

Come dash up the platform the railway controls
And plunge in the chaos of struggling souls;
The finest old place if excitement you seek
And fun for the strong arm to jostle the weak;
Yea, sport for the hardy and fear for the frail,
But what do you care so your muscles don't fail?
Just hurry and flurry, climb over, rush—
Anything goes in the six o'clock crush!

Don't be the least backward if you are a man,
Just elbow and trample each one that you can;
Aside with all women that get in your way—
The strong arm, the strong arm, is ruling to-day;
Away with the bundles and babies and like—
Just draw up your muscles and drive like a spike;
Yea, hustle and bustle, swear loud and rush,
All manners are mockery in the bridge crush.

Victor A. Hermann.



JIMMY GETS THE MITTEN.

"Ach, no! You can not be my beau!"
And Gretchen was affronted so,
Upon my word, she dropped three stitches.
"What nonsense-ness to think," said she,
"That I, mineself, should live to see—
Much less to have for company
A boy that wears a such chopped-off breeches!"

THE OTHER SIDE.

THE PURBLIND tariff baron thought the Ding-
ley schedules solid pudding, inasmuch as
they brought him enormous sums of
money.
But it is a long lane that has no
turning.
Before he had amassed more than
a comparatively few millions, he had to
take his wife and daughters abroad to
spend these; and when they were spent he
had to come back for more, and in that way he
fell into the clutches of the customs inspectors at New York,
who trephined his skull to see if he was not concealing silks,
old violins and other dutiable articles in his brainpan.
So the tariff baron came gradually to see the other side
of the question, and while he did not depart from the belief
that Protection is a good thing, he entertained mental reser-
vations.

A GROWING FIELD.

FIRST CITIZEN.—I see that a few more millionaires have en-
dowed colleges.

SECOND CITIZEN.—Well, if it keeps up I don't see why we
can't all get jobs as professors.



AN INFANT INDUSTRY.

BLEEKER.—See Newlywed;—been blowing Baxter off for two
hours and telling him what his baby said.

DOVER.—Yes; they say that baby has filled two Keeley-cures
already.

It is rather a waste of time to spend a week dreading something that you
can do in half an hour.



BALLADE OF JUNE WEDDINGS

WHITE BLOOMS at every chancel rail,
White altars smiling everywhere;
The blessing of the priest and grail,
Kind wishes for the brave and fair
Along a path of little care;
Glad faces and a flower-strewn way,
Clear skies, the peace of June-time air, —
A June day for a wedding day.

In city, town and village dale
Deep organ voices rise and share
The children's treble hail, all hail,
In greeting to the happy pair;
While gladsome word and gentle prayer,
From hearts whose giving is to pray,
Like incense follow, here and there, —
A June day for a wedding day.

The troth of true love shall avail
While zealous knights love's tourneys dare;
The word of Hymen shall not fail
While June hath benisons to spare.
With vows unnumbered to declare,
With countless brides in white array,
With ceaseless messages to bear, —
A June day for a wedding day.

ENVOY.

O glad days all! O feast days rare!
December joys and sweets of May!
June is a month without com-
pare, —
A June day for a wed-
ding day.

Frank Walcott Hutt.

RESIGNED.

FARMER WHIFFLE.—Is yer hoss used tew autermobiles?
FARMER GARDNER.—Yep;—when a autermobile tries to pass
him on the road, now, he lets it.

DOUBLE-JOINTED REWARD.

Through life it incidentally brings to
Man profound delight
If he can earn good wages by
His battles for the right.



WANTED A LIFE PRESERVER.

THE FISH (fallen ashore).—Help! Help! Somebody
throw me a bucket of water, quick! I 'm drowning!

A SEASON'S TRAGEDY.

The sweet girl graduate, valedictorian of her class, bowed low
as the audience, lifted out of seats by enthusiasm, applauded up-
roariously. Like an angel of peace she advanced to the
front and a solemn hush pervaded the assemblage as it
was noticed that she was tastily attired in —

The sweet girl graduate, valedictorian of
her class, bowed sweetly and exposed a
handsome front of pink creme de la
chine —

The valedictorian advanced
to the footlights and like oil upon
the troubled waters pored over a
pale-blue satin —

The sweet girl raduagate wore
a pair of shoes surmounted by —

The dweet whirl saduagate,
with blue ribbons tied in a bunch —



*
*
*
"MR. JAMES LETTERS, City Editor
Evening Blazoo: I hand you herewith my
resignation.

"CHARLES BUMMJOBB, Reporter."

HE BEWAILS HIS INFIRMITY.

THE CHAIRMAN.—By Gum! I 'm
gittin' so hard of hearin' that I dunno
half the time whether he 's p'intin'
with pride or viewin' with alarm!

CLEAR OUT OF THE SWIM.

COLONEL DOBBS.—Dear me! How
time goes by! I don't know any of these young people getting
married nowadays.

MAJOR HOBBS.—I 'm worse off than that;—I don't know any
of these older people who are getting divorced.

TIME IS MONEY, and we have twenty-four hours a day per capita.

THE MOST successful kind of executive ability includes the faculty
of making other people bear all the blame of your mistakes.



A WARNING.

MANAGER (*before the game*).—Now, see here, fellers, if de umpire ain't satisfactory I wants yer ter keep yer hands off 'n him! De public hez paid a cent each ter see dis game an' slug de umpire, and I don't want yuse ter monopolize de enjoyment!

THE ROMANCE OF TATT.

Tatt was in a sordid, cynical mood. As he stepped within the car from the front platform he saw the usual assortment. The women wore features which were stern, silly, or sinful. He scarcely had seated himself when a young woman with a pinkish-white silk waist sank daintily down directly opposite. She was sweet to look upon. More than that. Her face was clear, striking, unspoiled. Its color seemed to change with her very breathing from perfect evenness of tint to matchless purity of flush. Tatt, Tatt the unromantic, disgusted with nine-tenths of his fellow-creatures and wholly indifferent to the rest, caught himself in the act of gazing so admiringly into her hazel eyes that he quickly colored at the half-hurt, inquiring glance she returned. In love in a minute? Tatt said nay. "But she 's the sweetest, the best, the most soulful woman I've seen in an age!" he thought to himself. He knew that mere art could not deceive him; this was real, sincere, true. The sight of her soothed him. He noted the coils of rich dark hair on her shapely head; memorized the curve of her white throat for future reference; and, then—after the manner of man—desired the unattainable.



"Old man," said his inner consciousness, "how would you like to have that little white bow in her hair? Don't you wish you had the fluffy lace handkerchief in her right hand? What would you give for just one scallop, detached and all your own, from the trimming of that pinkish waist?"

Tatt had been thinking fast. For all this happened before the conductor approached for fares. Tatt gave him a dime. Simultaneously the sweet-faced girl dropped a shining nickel into the grimy hand. It was passed to Tatt's palm in a second. He had his token!

For months Tatt tried to look her up. She had left the car that day when a dozen were jostling in. Tatt could n't forget her. He carried the nickel. He always had half believed there was some one woman in the world for him. His token, the first he ever had wanted or had gotten from any woman, assured him that though he might have lost he probably had loved. He looked at the coin and thought of the girl every day. At times he called himself a fool and grinned sorrowfully. But he kept his faith in her.

Tatt was in Jersey with just five cents in his dress clothes. Idiot! The only money he had transferred when he changed garments for that evening abroad was his treasured coin and a bill. The bill was broken and gone—every cent. He found himself at the ferry with the coin. In New York he would have walked uptown rather than part with it. He had done so twice. But he could n't walk the river. He thought of trying to steal the ride. Impracticable! He considered touching somebody for a nickel. In evening clothes he could n't look the part.

Tatt looked long and lovingly at his token. Holding it up in the glare of the electric light, he breathed a sort of prayer to some sweet hazel eyes and a fair white throat. The shine was all gone from the nickel. It gleamed only faintly in the strong light. It was eight months now since it came to him from Her. From Her! The thought maddened him. Yet he was helpless. Like a person in a dream, he walked straight forward and proffered his token for a paltry ferry ticket.

"G'wan!" said the man, withholding the bit of paper good for a passage to New York and shoving back the nickel.

"Hey?" said Tatt.

"Look at ut!" said the hireling.

Tatt looked, examined,—coldly, critically.

It was lead.

Fred. Ladd.



A DEMONSTRATION.

THE SELFISH ROOSTER.—Here's a worm, chicks! Hurry along—and I'll show you how to eat it!

THE PODDYCOCKERS.



I.
THE PODDYCOCKERS all set out
To search the country o'er,
In hopes that they could find a trout
Upon the parlor floor.

II.
They rode around in wooden pails
With educated snakes
Who wore red polka-dotted veils,
And lived on griddle-cakes.

III.
They looked for ostrich-feather fans,
And sometimes found a few;
They sealed them up in air-tight cans,
So they were hid from view.

IV.
And then they went to make a call
Upon a bumptuous Bat
Who had n't any gloves at all
And wore a cast-iron hat.

V.
The Poddycockers set a trap
To catch a grizzly Bear;
They waited till he took his nap,
And then they pulled his hair.

VI.
But when they saw some barley-mush
Upon a silver tray,
They thought it was a blacking-brush,
And so they ran away.

Carolyn Wells.



AN EXPLANATION.

"Oh! You're the skipper!"
"Yes, I was the skipper."
"Ah! That's what happened to the boat!"

HIS DESTINY.

FARMER FLATFOOT.—My nephew, Enoch, is a pessimist,
right now, at the age of 'leven, and I'm mightily afraid he's
goin' to grow up to be a chronic Populist!

FARMER DUNK.—What makes ye think so, Amzi?

FARMER FLATFOOT.—Why, he saved up a batch of circus bills
till after the show, last week, and then compared their printed
promises with his recollection of the performance, and kicked like a
brindle steer b'cuz they did n't have more 'n half of what they'd
advertised.

HIS PROSPECTIVE ACTION.

SALLY GAY.—Reggy boasts that he can marry any girl he
chooses to.

DOLLY SWIFT.—H'm! By-and-by Reggy will be coming out
with a book entitled, "Guesses I Have Missed."



ACCOMPLISHED.

THE AUNT.—Does the baby talk yet?

THE MOTHER.—Oh, yes! Why, he can say "Goo" just as plainly as I can!

If thoughts were as easy to find as rhymes, verse-writing would be on a
somewhat higher plane.

PUCK

THE FABLE OF THE UNGOVERNABLE TEMPER.



ONCE UPON a Time there was a Temper which had been petted and cosseted until it had become absolutely ungovernable. It could not brook the slightest Opposition. Its Will was Law, and whenever it was crossed in the slightest Degree it exploded into a thousand Fragments and blew everything Flat in the Immediate Vicinity.

Thunder sat perpetually enthroned on its Brow, the Lightning's dread Glare flashed from its Eyes, and it invariably spoke with all the Imperialistic Conclusiveness of an Absolute Monarch. When it frowned the Wife of its Bosom trembled with Dread and its Children crawled under the House for safety. When it slept its Wife had to Snore, and when it was hungry the Whole Family were obliged to Eat. When it said a Thing was so, it just naturally had to be so, and that settled it, *sine qua non*, absolutely and without revision, world without end.

It had been dyspeptic in its Digestion, jaundiced in its Opinions, and strabismussed in its Views for so long that it honestly believed that when it stepped on one End of the Earth the other End flapped up like a sun-warped Board; it fancied that when it sneezed there was an Earthquake not far away; and it was convinced that when it went down Cellar the Sun immediately went out of Business for the Time Being. Altogether, it had succeed in running such a complete Bluff on itself and its fellow-sufferers for so long that it really believed it was the Whole Thing and that the most voluminous Overcoat of the late Ivan the Terrible would n't have made it a comfortable-sized Vest. Almost the entire Neighborhood agreed with it in its estimation of itself and obsequiously took off its Hat when the Ungovernable Temper strode by.

One day, however, it chanced to encounter an Equitable Temper, which was founded on a sound Digestion and a deep-seated

Realization of the Fact that there are always Others and they are generally in Town. It wore a square Chin, a thick Neck, large, flint-like Hands, and a philanthropic Grin. It was Election Day, and because Everything was n't going its way, the Ungovernable Temper was frothing at the Mouth, and belching forth Fire, Smoke and Lava. Spying the Equitable Temper leaning against a Post and fraternally grinning at the surrounding world, it pointed a quivering Forefinger at its Adam's Apple and screeched:

"There stands a Man who has sold his Vote for a Mess of Pottage many a Time!"

"You are a Liar!" was the calm reply.

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"I say, you are a d—d (Doctor of Divinity) Liar!" quietly returned the Equitable Temper, slowly extracting its large, solid Hands from its Pockets. "Is that plain enough for you?"

"Do you mean it?"

"Yape!"

"Well,—er-ah!—that's all right, then. I simply can't endure to be joked with."

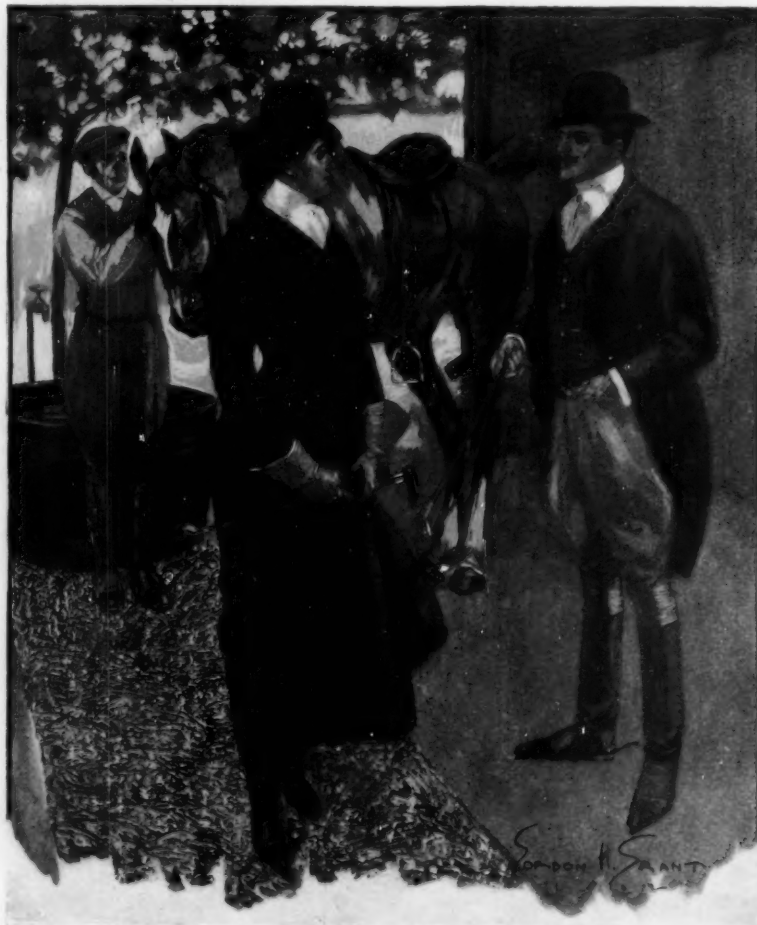
Thereupon, the Ungovernable Temper, dis-



AN INQUIRY.

"Dem vos fine zuspenders—"

"Well; but have ye nothin' chaper ye cud shtick me on?"



HOW THINGS WORK.

HELEN.—So your sister Julia is married?

HERBERT.—Yes.

HELEN.—Which one of those men she used to make fun of did she marry?

covering that its time-honored Bluff had been called, tucked its Tail in a humble and apologetic manner and sneaked off Home to vent its spite on its Wife and Children.

MORAL.—From this we should Learn that if an Irresistible Force does n't watch whither it is drifting it is very liable to go up against an Immoveable Body and be compelled to bounce back.

Tom P. Morgan.

THE LATEST GAME.

Now Gladys with her lovely eyes
And Phyllis with her art
Between them o'er the silken net
Play ping-pong with my heart.

THE HARLEM VERSION —

"Man wants but little room here below."

REAL LIVING is doing more of what you want to than of what you have to.

THE MAN who is inclined to scoff at the power of religion should try going to sleep in any ordinary seat which is as uncomfortable as a church pew.

PUCK



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CROKER'S MISTAKE. MR. NIXON's retirement from the Tammany leadership is interesting. His reason for retiring is more so. It not only interests but relieves and reassures. Mr. Nixon says he got out because he could n't stay in and keep his self-respect. A considerable portion of the community had suspected that no man who listed self-respect among his assets could take the Tammany sceptre from Mr. Croker even for a day. It will relieve and reassure these concerning Mr. Nixon to know that he honestly believed he was going to be the real leader of Tammany. He has proved as much by refusing to serve after learning that he could be no more than an ornamental megaphone for orders from Wantage. Aside from this unexpected light on the character of Nixon the latest disclosure of Tammany workings does not edify. No one who knows Tammany supposed for an instant that its political ideals had been at all chastened by recent defeat. And no one who knows Mr. Croker supposed for an instant that he would relinquish the actual leadership of Tammany while there was left in it a single dollar more for his capacious pocket. His misreading of the character of Nixon was one of his few mistakes. He will, of course, take pains to assure himself beforehand that Nixon's successor is handicapped by no such burden as caused Nixon to quit.

THE LIMITS OF ARBITRATION.

THE CIVIC FEDERATION was a most puissant giant at birth. Philosophers in the daily press lauded its girth and brawn. Labor and Capital professed that they could war no longer in the presence of so mighty an arbiter. And hair-trigger optimists at large busied themselves in hailing the dawn of a new era. We ventured to suggest at the time that these rosy expectations might be due to the absence of labor troubles at that moment; that the first big strike might dwarf the giant. It did n't seem at all as if the lion of Capital and the lamb of Labor were going to lie down together amicably thereafter merely because some well-meaning gentlemen had consented to talk soothingly to them. The difference, when it came, was bound to be one of appetite; and appetite in the presence of nutrition is rarely subdued by argument however sound. And now the looming of a coal strike has reduced the arbitration giant to the estate of puling infancy, while its distracted nurses are wondering if it will pull through its first attack of industrial colic. The roster of the Civic Federation contains some eminent names, but this circumstance will remain insignificant so long as Capital and Labor are compelled by their natures to live at the expense of each other. Arbitration may now and then convince them that a certain day is unpropitious for a struggle; but it has no magic power to remove their ancient and eternal antagonism.

AS TO SUNDAY SPORTS.

PASTOR STEBBINS of the First Methodist Church of Greenfield, Massachusetts, lets out some information which is important if true. He avers that special provision has been made in Hell for the Sunday golfer. He neglects to give details, but presumably he believes that the offender is condemned to fizzle eternally, or to strive forever over links marred by unconquerable hazards. Any golfer will concede that this would surely be Hell. But if there is a special suburb of this domain for the Sunday golfer, what about the Sunday ping-pongist? Shall not he, too, be made to commit eternally the ping-pong equivalent of fozzling, whatever that may be? Shall not the Sunday cyclist pedal up a topless hill or mend an eternally unmendable puncture? Shall not the Sunday automobilist tinker forever with devilish valves and gears, or be condemned to scorch where legions of pedestrians cross the highway with mocking laughs before he can run down a single one of them? One thing is plain: If Hell is to be modernized to keep pace with the growing use of the Sabbath as a day of outing it is going to be a place not altogether devoid of interest; and it is going to be populated, moreover, by the better part of the human race.

WHEN THE Christian nations are willing to forgive and forget, love their enemies and do good to those that hate them, the prospect for the conversion of China will be somewhat brighter than it is at present.



INFLATION.

MANAGER.—You 'll have to do better. You 're gettin' a big head!
SOUBRETTE.—Think so?
MANAGER.—Sure! You 're gettin' to believe what your press agent says about you!

HIS HARD EXPERIENCE.

FIRST TRAMP.—Bill says he 's havin' a purty tough time dese days.

SECOND TRAMP.—Is he?

FIRST TRAMP.—Yes! Says he refused eleven jobs yistiddy mornin' before he got his breakfast!



SPRING.

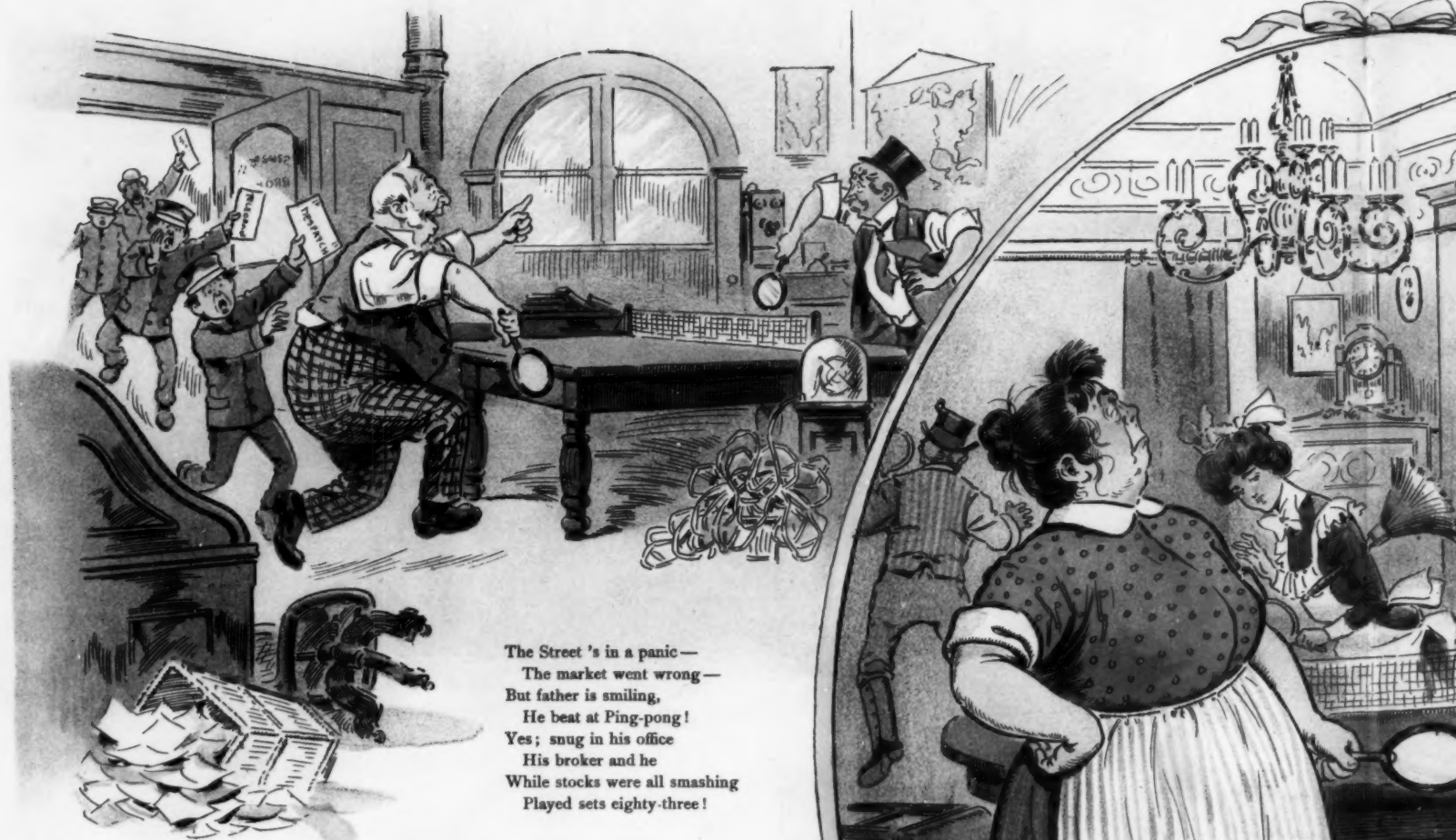
Spring starts the sap. Accordingly, sapheads are busiest in Spring; in April changing their Winter underwear prematurely, in May planting five-cent collections of garden vegetables, and in June graduating from college.

July is not strictly a Spring month, but the sapheads usually manage to keep up the pace until after the Fourth.

ANTICIPATION.

"In the course of time, I suppose, the trust movement will be almost as fully developed in Europe as in America."

"Oh, yes! I understand that our trusts are preparing to ask for protection against the pauper trusts of Europe."



The Street 's in a panic —
The market went wrong —
But father is smiling,
He beat at Ping-pong!
Yes; snug in his office
His broker and he
While stocks were all smashing
Played sets eighty-three!



Oh! Mother 's been absent
For over a week;
We 've had of her presence
Not even a peek.
Her Browning Home Circle
Is going it strong,
Pursuing a course in
Progressive Ping-pong!

The cook has departed
In dudgeon and scorn
Because interfered with
At eight in the morn,
To give up the table
She 'd had the night
And use it for breakfast
Instead of Ping-pong

"CRAZY!"



Dear baby 's the idol
Amazing the throng;
The champion player
Is he at Ping-pong.
In the juvenile tourney
He 's won every set,
And beat all the babies
To date he has met!

Edwin L. Sabin.



See Grandma and Grandpa,
With wrath in their eyes,
Close-matched for the octo-
Genarian prize.
How sad their six decades
Of honeymoon song
Should suffer suspension
Through simple Ping-pong!

The cook has departed
In dudgeon and scorn,
Cause interfered with
At eight in the morn,
Give up the table
She 'd had the night long,
And use it for breakfast
Instead of Ping-pong!

"CRAZY!"



ALAS!

WILLY (*over his natural history*).—Papa, what species of animals in this country are becoming rapidly extinct?
PAPA.—Buffalos and naval heroes, my son.

THE CONVERTED CUSTOMS INSPECTOR.

ONE NIGHT, moved by an unusual impulse, the customs inspector went to church. Revival services were going on and he listened to a powerful sermon. "Duty" was the preacher's theme—be the results what they might. The customs inspector, stirred to the depths of his soul, went forth a changed man.

The next day twenty-seven reputable citizens, arriving on an ocean flyer, were arrested for smuggling. They were extremely indignant;—justly so, they thought, for they felt that they had n't smuggled any more than the other passengers whose baggage had been examined by inspectors who had not recently gone to church—not a bit more than the average reputable citizen would smuggle under the circumstances. Ultimately, of course, the inspector lost his job.

What will eventually become of him we can not say. He himself is uncertain whether he will continue steadily in the narrow path or whether he will backslide into another political job. He is fully convinced, however, that in the present stage of the world's progress religion and politics can not be successfully amalgamated, and he is tempted to believe that honesty in moderation is the best policy.

Wm. E. McKenna.



RAPACIOUS.

THERE ARE moments when even the most sensible girls are not altogether averse to the idea of a husband who says "Bah Jove!" affects a den and answers to the name of Jack.

"But there will be nothing left!"

"Lord bless you, sir, they don't care. They 'll take everything you 've got—just as if they was runnin' a church fair!"

You will observe that Justice's scales are apothecary's scales, but that is not because justice is a drug on the market.

PUCK

NEVER MIND.



IF YOU make a plum' mistake,
Never mind!
Ef you lose your little stake,
Never mind!
Think how many men have done
Jest as you, an' never won;
There 's where you extract the *fun*,
Never mind!

Most of fellers hez to learn,
Never mind!
Touch the fire yo're *boun'* to burn,
Never mind!

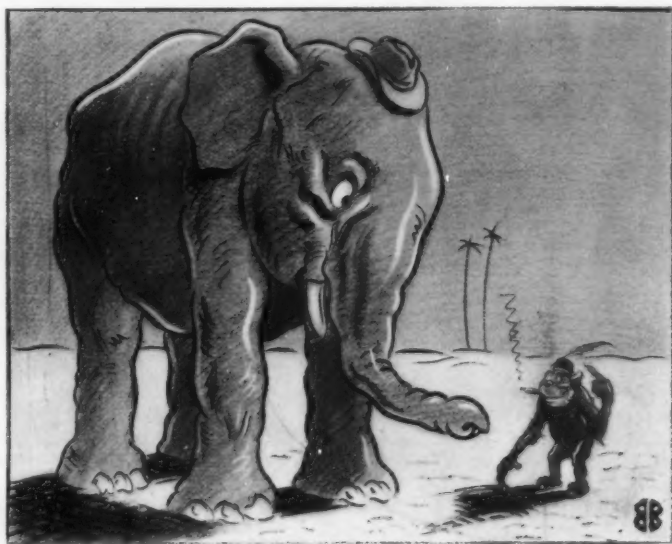
Say you 've "cut yo're eye teeth shore!
Had the *same ol' luck* before;"—
Laugh it off, but don't you *roar*,
Never mind!

Now, you know—it 's worth a heap,
Never mind!
Thank yo're stars you got off cheap,
Never mind!
Yo're not all alone in sin;
Don't you, though, don't try *ag'in*,
There 's where yo're to *stick a pin*!
Never mind!

Charles W. Stevenson.



EVEN WHEN some people win the respect of their fellows they can't quit the game until they go broke.



A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

THE ELEPHANT.—I declare, I was so astonished that you might have knocked me down with a feather!

THE MONKEY.—Oh! I say! Come, now! You 'd better say an automobile!

HIS MISSIONARY WORK.

COLONEL KAINTUCK.—I was over to Judge Knipper's last evening and had some of his good old whiskey.

MAJOR REDEYE (*in surprise*).—Why, I thought he lost his entire private stock in the fire last week?

COLONEL KAINTUCK.—Not quite all. By heroic measures he succeeded in snatching a few brands from the burning.

MORE FEMININE QUEERNESS.

CHARLES.—Why don't you like our new clergyman, Cora?

CORA.—He looks too pious.

CHARLES.—Too pious?

CORA.—Yes. I want a clergyman to be pious and to act pious, but I don't want him to look pious.

A SURE THING.

MRS. VON BLUMER.—Well, I see that Mrs. Hotpace has got a divorce.

VON BLUMER.—That means another wedding present.

IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES.

Certain easy men having fallen into doubts as to the doctrine of natural depravity, the good pastor reasoned with them.

"Behold!" quoth he. "The beard grows naturally on your upper lips?"

"Verily!" said the doubters, for they were candid men.

"And it grows on the Sabbath likewise as it grows on any other day?"

"In truth!"

And now they saw no longer as through a glass darkly, but clearly; and their faith was wondrously restored.



VALUABLE EXPERIENCE.

NEWSBUB (*proudly*).—By George! It takes a Brooklyn man to handle a lawn mower right. It never struck me before that the experience gained in the trundling of a perambulator would be the means of lessening the burdens of suburban life.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 33d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

A REDEEMING TRAIT.

MRS. HATTERSON. — Don't you think Mrs. Polkadot is an awful gossip?

MR. HATTERSON. — May be so. But there's one good thing about her;—she never tells anything about anyone that there is n't some truth in. —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE HEART HE SIGHS FOR.

I ain't no lover,
En I ain't gwine be;
But, way down yander,
By a shady tree,
Dey's a Georgy melon
Wid a heart fer me!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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"I suppose it makes you angry every time you see the horse."

"No. I like to look at him. It gives me a good deal of satisfaction to
think of how I am going to do the other fellow in the next trade."—*Washing-
ton Star.*

WHERE THEY LAUGH.

FIRST AUDITOR.—Humph! They call this comic opera, do they?

SECOND AUDITOR.—Yes; that's what they call it.

FIRST AUDITOR.—I have n't heard anybody laugh.

SECOND AUDITOR.—Go into the lobby and hold your ear to the box-office.
—*New York Weekly.*

THE greatest thing we ever saw in the way of a philosopher was a one-
armed man in a manicure establishment who gloated because he got his work
done for half-price.—*Washington Post.*

PATIENCE.—You say he's excessively polite?

PATRICE.—I should say so! Why, he was in a photographer's the other
day, sitting for his picture, when a lady came in, and he insisted upon her taking
his seat.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I SUPPOSE," said the Easterner, sarcastically, "you never have a single
cyclone in your country."

"Right you are," said the Kansan, boastfully. "We never have anything
less than a bi-cyclone or a tri-cyclone here."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



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2

Our yeast is forever the same and it gives to Schlitz the flavor no other beer can have.

3

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4

We cool Schlitz beer in a plate glass room, in filtered air, to keep germs away from it.

5

We age it for months, until it is well fermented. It is the "green beer" that causes biliousness.

6

Every drop of Schlitz is thoroughly filtered.

7

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It is the beverage of health.

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You'll get it if you ask for it.

But if you don't care, your dealer may give you a beer that costs less than half so much to brew.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

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CRITICISM.

"Starr is too self-conscious, don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes! He's thinking of himself when another man would be thinking of the box office receipts."

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MR. BLINKS.—He can tell whether a woman is an angel or a vixen without marrying her. —New York Weekly.

AN HONEST SOUL.

HE (seeing her off).—You may meet someone else you will like better.

SHE.—Well, if I do I'll let you know. —Detroit Free Press.



ENOUGH SAID.

ELIZABETH.—Which do you think is the best, —Golf or Ping-pong?

JOSEPHINE (naively).—Well, I played Golf all last Summer, and I have only played three games of Ping-pong so far this Spring; —and I am going to be married next month!

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"Was n't there an ungrammatical sentence in one of your speeches?"

"There was," answered Representative Husker. "I put it there on purpose. You see, we're plain folks up to Punkin Corners, and I don't want my constituents to think I'm getting proud just because I've come to Congress." —Washington Star.

"HELP!"

The cry rang out on the startled air, but only the echo answered it. The woman, pale with despair, held out her arms appealingly, and made an effort to step, but with a moan she sank to the floor.

"Help! Help! Is there no real help for me here?" she cried again; and then a mocking voice from behind the desk spoke in sarcastic tones:

"Real help in an Intelligence office? Guess again!" —Cincinnati Observer.

HE.—I think that a very good idea having the word "Welcome" on your front door-mat.

SHE (with a yawn).—You mean the mat outside the front door?

HE.—Certainly.

SHE.—Oh, well, you ought to see the one on this side of the door; it has "Exit" on it. —Yonkers Statesman.

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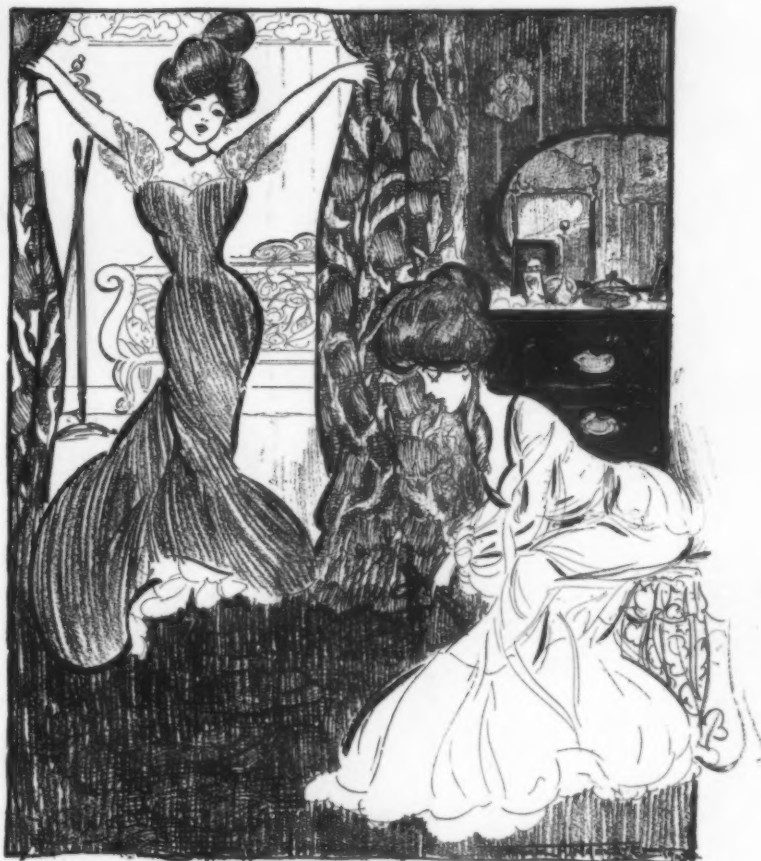
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"That's a fact! Looks like there's one thing them trust fellers can't control. That 'ere thing is actin' up jest like Roosevelt!"